THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

No. 41.

Boston, Saturday, February 7, 1807.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 65.

"So to be patriots as not to forget you are gentlemen."

The Wanderer has recently received a note which it is the object of this ramble to show to his friends.

TO THE WANDERER.

Sir,

We have heard of the good the Spectator did all Europe by giving refinement to manners and improvement to mind. His essays may be considered so many ingenious arts, the faithful perusal of which, it may fairly be said.

"Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros."

Such was the extent of their circulation, their felicity of style, and potency of attraction, that it may be doubted whether their influence over manners and customs be yet entirely lost. Without meaning to insult you with satire in disguise, in the person of praise in excess, a paper like yours, that aspires to similar objects, should avail itself of similar means. Though it may not, like its illustrious prototype, affect an extensive community; its efforts may not be wholly ineffectual over some individual recluse, that in solitude should chance to throw his eye over its pages. Nay, should the Wanderer, rambling like melancholy,

"With eye, that ever loves the ground,"

in some of his meditative peregrinations, glance on a foible of equal extent in this new world, with some against which the Spectator inveighed in the old, he might "not labour in vain, nor spend his strength for nought," should he return home and attempt to show it to his countrymen, in all its hideous deformity, as it appeared from the various points of light in which he had viewed it.

I have been induced, sir, to suggest to you these observations from accidentally perusing a passage of BURKE, that political oracle of no equivocal response, on the subject of party politics. It is a subject in this country of alarming importance. It seems to engross, or rather deaden, every feeling. In every circle, however mixed, it monopolizes conversation, and puts to silence enjoyment. It sinks social virtues in what are falsely deemed civil. It loses the liberality of the courtier or the man of the world in the zeal of the bigot, or the intolerance of the partizan. It is a sort of Moloch idol to which men seem willing to sacrifice all generosity of sentiment—and hospitality of principle.

"It is our business," says EDMUND BURKE, "to bring the dispositions, that are lovely in private life, into the service and conduct

of the Commonwealth; so to be patriots, as not to forget we are gentlemen." Pray Mr. Wanderer, how many then among us, mind their business? How many are there, that bring dispositions lovely in private life into the service and conduct of our Commonwealth? To how many gentlemen patriots can we lay claim? I have been sitting on a watch-tower; far above the vulgar level; eagerly looking out among the partizans of the land for the politician, with front like Jove; who walks erect in the image of his Maker; "caput inter nubila condit;" for whose magnanimity in the cabinet, we had a pledge that could never be forfeited, amiableness at home. I espied the nakedness of the land. Frantic at their political orgies, the fiends like our primitive progenitors, but from an opposite cause, were without sense of shame to know their nakedness. Our politicians are the reverse of BURKE's compatriots. It seems to be *their* business to bring the dispositions that are *hateful* in private life, into the service and conduct of the Commonwealth. Domestic demons are our public deities. Mr. Wanderer, "*these things ought not so to be.*" For the sake of our common country, in your "wanderings through a world of care," take frequent occasion to admonish of this; that when the destruction of that country cometh on, you may hold up your head and hands to heaven and exclaim, "These are free from the guilt of it."

With solicitude for the success of you and your labors, remains

WILL WATCHFUL.

His friend Watchful has the thanks of the Wanderer. The subject suggested has caused him regret equally deep. He throws his eye over the political face of his country, and fancies himself wandering in a church yard, where he pauses to weep over the tomb of departed principle. It is indeed true, that instead of the charities that endear at home, ennobling in the hall of state, we here find men not with the virtues of the fire-side, but the vices of the circus. They act as if brought together on purpose to call names, to fight, and to wrangle, and the scene of contention is much the more hideous, since from want of skill they are unable to do this, *secundum artem.* In lieu of dispositions lovely in private life, candor, urbanity, suavity of manner and firmness of mind, we find in most of our partizans virulent prejudice, uncouthness at which rusticity would blush, gross scurrility of language, unmanly and indecisive duplicity of conduct. We have few men of liberality among our statesmen, few adherents to principle, few characters of consistent correctness. The gentleman patriot is a personage equally rare with the patriot king. We have those who are every where received as gentlemen. They become politicians, and forfeit all claim to the character. The instant they attempt to toil up the steep of fame and party, every thing that is fair dignified, and honorable drops as an incumbrance from their shoulders and rolls down the hill. They give a loose to every thing vile in conception, and scurrilous in expression. They indulge in gross personalities, and in all those pitiful meannesses of conduct, of the least of which were any other person to be guilty in their own private abodes, the servants would be instantly ordered to hurl them headlong out of doors. "Oh, this offence is rank!" It degrades the vanity of the country. The wo

of civilization is not yet complete. We have not yet *cleared the land.* We have indeed felled the trees of the forest; but the savage still remains without his noblenesss but with all his wildness. The tomahawk and the scalping knife, had better decide at once, questions in the legislature and the fate of the public, than the faggots of party persecution be thus suffered to burn, while the people stand bound hand and foot, gradually consuming around the slow fire. T.

For the Emerald.

BIOGRAPHICAL OUTLINE OF *JOHN HORNE TOOK.*

BIOGRAPHICK sketches of eminent men are usually better received by the public than those actions which the pen of the historian records. It is not enough that Aboukir and Trafalgar have immortalized the memory of the British hero; public curiosity pries into the recesses of private life, and claims an inspection of every action even the most insignificant. The truth is, after a man has by some action rendered his name illustrious, he attaches a degree of his own importance to every trifle of his life. This propensity so inherent in our nature, ought to operate on the mind of a great man as a salutary caution, not to forfeit that character acquired by so much toil and jeopardy, by a subsequent life. Having made himself the property of the public; he should be prepared and confirmed for the rigid scrutiny that hard task-master imposes.

The present sketch of a character well known in the literary world does not aspire to the dignity of biography. It was conceived that some anecdotes found in the course of desultory reading, such as served to mark the distinguishing trait in the mind of man, who is the object of them, might not be unacceptable, although not arranged in chronological order. This trait is conceived to be, *an understanding wonderfully acute, led by a wild ambition that is altogether indifferent what may be the object of pursuit.* That object when obtained, is abandoned, and all the labour and industry indispensably requisite to be exerted for its attainment, are thrown away as so much time employed to no purpose. *Ambition acts in the twofold capacity of the horse and the owner; the sole stimulant to action being merely to distance all competitors, then to leave the bet, which according to the laws of the turf is fairly won, in the hands of the stakeholders.* Wherever fame marks out the ground, this courser is sure to be the first upon the turf. The character we speak of is Mr. JOHN HORNE TOOKE.—After the usual honours of an academic education, he entered upon holy orders; but the seclusion and retirement of a secular life did not well befit his stirring and enterprising genius. An opportunity soon occurred more suitable to the natural bent of his talents. Patriot Wilkes in pursuit of an office, opposed himself to the English ministry with so much success, and set the representatives and constituents at such variance with each other, that the kingdom was brought to the very eve of a revolution.—Horne embarked in the same cause with Wilkes and was soon taken to his bosom, and his confidence. This friendship, formed in a whirlwind, expired as soon as its cause had abated. Horne, who had formerly tried the strength of his pen for the promotion of Wilke's popularity; now made an experiment of its accuteness in its demolishment. In this he was not so successful; for his hostility to Wilkes, drew on him the resentment of the scalping Junius. The reader has already anticipated the Parson's success; but now that the effervecence of party is over, it is presumed will agree with us in thinking, that Horne as far transcends his antagonist in argument, as he falls below him in satire and invective. From this time, he appears to have lain dormant, and we hear nothing of him, save an action of defamation instituted against him by Lord Onslow for words spoken by Mr. Horne, in his opposition to the election of his lordship, as a member of the House of Commons.

It was some time subsequent to this, that Mr. Horne acquired the additional name of *Tooke.* An old relation of that name left him an estate on condition that he would take his name. Mr. Horne complied with the condition and took the estate.

The difference between Great-Britain and her colonies now occupied the attention of Europe, and the world. In this controversy, Horne embarked with his accustomed energy; and was the author of a publication which, whatever, as Americans we may think of its justice and propriety, was undoubtedly *a libel for an Englishman to write.* For this he was informed against before the Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, and Thurlow, then Attorney General, afterwards Lord Chancellor, was counsel for the crown. Horne, in his argument for his defence, seemed to have thought that he had exchanged stations with the Judge, for he certainly treated his lordship with all the respect *due to a culprit.* The Attorney General on the other part was no mean hand at invective, and such a bout of altercation ensued that it would be difficult to determine which party gained the *most honour.* The issue of which was to Horne *fine and imprisonment*, and to Lord Mansfield *a libel.*—Having thus balanced accounts with the Judge. We are next presented with the view of a Parson metamorphosed, into a Lawyer. From the variety of reported cases cited at his trial, and his dexterity and address in their application, we are led to form an high opinion of his knowledge of jurisprudence, which are the only instances left upon record.

This trial in all probability put the subject of the present memoirs on a tract of investigation, to which his genius was beyond any other man of his time competent. An exception was taken to his information and the court of King's bench were moved to reverse their judgment, on the ground that his offence was not specifically stated. He was charged with having published "a libel of and concerning his Majesty's government, and the employment of his troops." The objection to the indictment turned on the meaning of the two prepositions "of and concerning." This led to a discussion more resembling the debate of two grammarians on a question of grammar, than such as occupy the attention of a court of Justice. Notwithstanding Horne was unsuccessful in his attempt to reverse the information, he was still strong on this point, and did not conceive that the sentence of a court of King's bench settled a *grammatical question beyond dispute.* He accordingly wrote a volume entitled "The Diversions of Purley," where those difficult parts of grammar known by the name of prepositions which seemed before to have eluded all definition, have their boundaries fixed and ascertained with a precision and accuracy truly surprising. Lord Mansfield, and his two prepositions "of and concerning," are treated with all the severity of abuse. Nay the giant of orthography, Dr Johnson, himself, comes in for a double share of invective. This curious and original treatise is a mirror that reflects to every reader, the whimsical mind of its author. We observe the flaming revolutionist; the opponent of the English ministry, in almost every page of a work, professedly written on grammar. Horne, was thus indebted to Lord Mansfield for the rescue of his name from the oblivion which awaited the other political writers of the day. A wish to catch so celebrated a character, as that of his lordship, tripping on any point, even if it was only a grammatical one, was incentive enough to set the malicious ingenuity of Horne on inquiry and research. In the first transport of his revenge, he published a letter addressed to serjeant Dunning, where the grammatical legality of his lordship is severely called in question. Afterwards, as leisure and inclination expanded the dimensions of his subject, he followed the train of his reflections, and found himself the author of a *volume*; trifles in themselves have thus often stamped the characters of men, with immortality. Cowper never knew the overflowing treasures of his own genius until a subject, so insignificant as a sofa, threw it open. Whatever may be thought of the revolutionist, and the fiery zealot of political innovation, the *grammarian*, will long command reverence and admiration.

Unfortunately the birth of the French Revolution awoke him from his dreams of literary repose. His pen once more teemed with libels against the government of his country. He remonstrated, he herded with Paine, he proposed to the people every species of ruin in the shape of a parliamentary reform. He "nosed parliament in the very seat of its authority" by one of the most insufferable libels, in the form of a petition, ever addressed to that body. If a disorganizing society was formed, John

Horne was chairman of the meeting; if the press spawned with a libel remarkable for its novelty of abuse and invective, all knew where to look for the father, the features of the child identified the parent. An enterprizing heart, that gained confidence as danger approximated, led him on from one degree of outrage to another, until an indictment for high treason arrested him in the midst of his progress.

This was what he seemed to have solicited from the outeset.

(To be continued.)

For the Emerald.

ORIGINAL TRANSLATION.

Si voluimus, magna sæpe intelligimus ex parvis.

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

From the French of M. Fleury.

(Continued fr. p. 52.)

The ship in which our young couple embarked, after having been for more than twenty four hours the sport of wind and tide, and was at length driven into the port of the city Tharse. Appollonious was well acquainted with Stragulion, one of the principal magistrates, to whom his father had formerly been a great friend, and received from him all that assistance which his melancholy situation required.—He placed his infant child in the hands Dyonisiade, the wife of Stragulion and earnestly recommending her to her charge begged her husband immediately to prepare a vessel, to discover if possible some trace of Archistrate. This unfortunate princess, whom we left at the mercy of the elements, retained sufficient presence of mind not to abandon the railing on which she was placed. In this frightful extremity she had recourse to the gods—she addressed herself particularly to Diana, whose altars she had served from her most tender years, she conjured her not to abandon her at that terrible moment, and promised to consecrate the remainder of life to her service if she had the misfortune to lose her husband.—Heaven took pity on her sufferings—she was cast by the tempest on an obscure part of the shore at some distance from the port of Ephesus. There she remained almost expiring, and would without doubt have terminated her life, had not chance conducted to the spot an old man by the name of Chermon, who, touched by the deplorable situation in which he found the unhappy princess, ordered his slaves to carry her to his house, and gave her that assistance of which she had imminent need.

With all the diligence Appollonius could use, it was two days before a vessel could be fitted out for sea. He employed some time in fruitlessly visiting the neighbouring coasts. Theocles who had been informed of the disaster, was not more fortunate in his endeavours—no intelligence could be procured of their lost friend.—The princess, on her part was not less desirous, though of necessity more confined in her means to obtain an account of Appollonius and her child, but every thing served to confirm her in the belief that they were the victims of the storm. She resolved therefore to accomplish the vow she had made, and rewarding her benefactor with some valuable jewels which she wore, was received among the priestesses of the temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Appollonius disappointed and discouraged by his vain research, departed for his own states—but he left his infant to the care of Stragulion, whose death shortly transferred that charge to Dyonisiade—

several years elapsed without diminishing from the grief of Appollonius.—Without engaging in the amusements of life, he passed his time in an unavailing reserve, but necessity at length obliged the State to declare war, and the voice of honor called him to arms. After having transmitted valuable jewels and money to Dionysiade for the education and support of his daughter, he joined the army of the confederate princes.

Tharsie, (the name of the orphan) had now reached her fourteenth year—she was beautiful, vivacious, witty and elegantly polite. To see her and to love her was the same thing—Dyonisiade had a daughter in every respect her perfect contrast, but the partiality of a mother obscured her faults and represented her amiable and lovely. The preference which Tharsie received in every assembly, raised such an indignation in the bosom of Dyonisiade, that from neglect she proceeded to cruelty, and at length formed the horrible design of causing her death.—She chose for the minister of her vengeance a slave named Korban—to whom she promised liberty and a large pecuniary reward if he would undertake to destroy her.—The crime was the more easy to be perpetrated, as Tharsie every day visited a tomb which she had erected near the borders of the sea, in memory of her unfortunate mother, whom she believed to have been the victim of the storm.

Dyonisiade had marked the moment of her execution—the more earnesly desirous of it, in order to become possessed of that valuable treasure which was appropriated for her use. Korban followed this victim beyond the reach of assistance, and advanced openly towards her with a poignard in his hand as she was kneeling at her mother's tomb. In the horror of the moment she screamed—she flew—fear gave her wings, and agony itself would have uttered such cries. By chance, a pirate boat had anchored in a stream near the place—her cries alarmed the crew, and obliged Korban to retreat, but the fate of Tharsie hardly appears to be more fortunate than in his hands—the pirates seized her and put to sea. Korban had marked the event and believed that she had fallen into hands from which it was impossible to escape, reported to Dyonisiade that he had killed her and thrown her body into the sea. Dyonisiade, satisfied with this account, pretended that Tharsie had been seized with a fit and suddenly expired—caused a mock funeral to be attended and sent an account to Appollonius, who received the account with those awful sensations which deprive the soul of reflection and consign it to despair.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE ORDEAL.....No. 15.

Richard the Third, (Shakespeare) and Pattie and Peggy. Friday, Jan. 30.

The play of Richard the Third, as it is now performed in most theatres, was altered from Shakespeare by Colley Cibber, about the year 1698; and since that period has been a great favourite of the English public. It seems remarkable that the hero of this production, destitute as he is of a single virtue to attract, and possessed of every vice to repel, should, by the wiles of his policy and the efforts of his talents, be able to carry the interest of the auditors through all his enormities from the commencement to the conclusion. Every spectator rejoices in his fall, for he has constantly been hoping for it.—Shakespeare, in this character, has

evinced his consummate acquaintance with human motives and human actions; for in Richard, a cool deliberate villain, with the colours of his vices, so far from being shaded, that they are shocking from their glare, he has connected qualities of mind so pleasing, discernment, address, resource, courage, versatility, dexterity, and consciousness of superior intellect, that the whole commposition is made uncommonly forcible, and the general impression affords pleasure and satisfaction. There are no other characters in this piece which are seen long enough to interest us, or were they seen, which would have force of character sufficient; they seem produced merely to render Richard's conduct more gloomy and abominable, and we are not so much concerned for *them*, as indignant at *him*.

The performance of this play, or rather this character, will occupy a few remarks.—Mr. Cooper, we are inclined to believe, did not feel much interest in the part, because he has not personated either of his characters so badly since he has been in Boston. The first soliloquy was tamely uttered, excepting the line

" Why I can smile, and murder *while*
I smile,"

which we confess was forcibly and accurately pronounced, with a sarcastic sneer. And the same reason which induces us to believe this to be proper, inclines us to consider Richard's sentiments respecting his own deformity, to be those of contempt and irony, rather than of grave detestation and concern, as seems to be the opinion of Mr. Cooper, by his representation. Such contempt impresses us more strongly with the idea of the extraordinary mind of Richard, which disdains being affected by external appearances. This notion too, is somewhat confirmed in those *evidently ironical* lines which he utters after killing Henry:

" Indeed 'tis *true* what Henry told me
of—
For I have often heard my mother say
I came into the world with my legs
forward:
The midwife wonder'd, and the women
cry'd
Good heaven bless us! he is born with
teeth!
And so I *was*," &c.

In the scene with King Henry, we noticed the following lines not correctly expressed:

" Down, down to hell, and say I *sent*
thee thither—
I that have neither pity, love nor fear."

It is evident the first *I* should be emphatic.

The courtship of Lady Anne, was well conducted; but it is really too farcical in itself for the dignity of tragedy, the honour of human nature, or the solemnity of the occasion—In this line we think the stress was mislaid,

Advance thy halbert higher than my
breast,
And by St. Paul, &c.

ought it not to be laid upon *higher?* As the halbert menaced the *breast* of Richard, the raising it *higher* would lessen the danger, of consequence the denunciation which follows would be mis-applied if *breast* should be emphatic.

The scene with Buckingham where Richard finds it requisite to inform him of his wishes in respect to the Princes, Mr. Cooper was very eminent. His anxiety, to make him understand without speaking his wishes, was finely given, by look, voice and gesture. Speaking of beauties, we think the phrase,

So much for Buckingham!!

was uttered astonishingly well. So was this:

Why aye, this looks rebellion.

In that fine soliloquy which occurs while the murder of the Princes is taking place, we could not be pleased with Mr. Cooper. He hurried it, and gave it without energy, or discrimination.

The dream too, did not give us the satisfaction, it is calculated to afford. The expressions,

Give me *another horse*, bind up my
wounds,
Have mercy heav'n!

were all pronounced in the same tone of violent exclamation. The following account of Mr. Garrick in the same passage will shew the ovious impropriety of Mr. Cooper's conception.

" * He called out in a manly tone,
Give me another horse:
He paused, and with a countenance of

* *Murphy's life, page 17.*

dismay, advanced, crying out in a tone of distress,

Bind up my wounds ;

and then falling upon his knees, said in a most piteous accent,

Have mercy Heav'n."

When he is told that dreams are mere shadows. Mr. Cooper altered the text, if we mistake not, and consequently the emphasis—he said,

——Shadows *to-night*,
Have struck more terror to the soul of *Richard*,
Than can the body of ten thousand men, &c. &c.

but the text is,

——*Shadows* to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of *Richard*,
Than can the *substance* of ten thousand soldiers, &c.

Notwithstanding these improprieties, we were in many cases pleased with unexpected beauties of expression, and peculiar accuracy of deportment. And we are ready to make every allowance for the miserable support which for the most part, the rest of the play received, and which could not fail in some measure to embarrass the most perfect performer.

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Coriolanus, (Shakespeare) and Fortunes Frolics. Monday, Feb. 2.

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Venice Preserved (Otway) and Pattie & Peggy, Tuesday, Feb. 3.

Those who have read St. Real's conspiracy of the Marquis de Bedamar and the Duke d'Ossuna against the republic of Venice, have observed the close parallel contained in most of the circumstances related in it, to those of Venice Preserved. Pierre is exactly such a character as the play describes.

A fine, gay, bold-fac'd villain,

but his death is different, being stabbed by order of the senate on board a ship, which he commanded in their service. Jaffier was of Provence, and his character is similar to that which the play describes, excepting that the arguments, which produces the discovery of the conspiracy are originated by himself, instead of Belvidera, who is introduced in order to make the drama the more interesting.

Public expectation was somewhat roused to witness the representation of Pierre by Mr. Morse of the New-York theatre. The character requires a full-toned voice, striking person, and force of demeanor ; in which particulars Mr. Morse is not remarkably conspicuous. He evidently had a cold, which sometimes occasioned the failure of his voice ; his person is rather inclining to lusty but well proportioned ; and his action is indifferent. This last can be easily remedied. In consequence however of his deficiency in this particular, his want of ease in delivery, the illusion was destroyed. We observed, however, an excellence in Mr. Morse, which we wish we could remark of all *our* performers, that his attention was closely applied to the scene, and he kept himself on the stage, without appearing to know he was before an audience. Some passages were very well delivered ; though a want of *force* most generally prevailed. His intentions often appeared good, when he failed in execution ; as in the manner of his taking the dagger from the hands of Renault. His pronunciation was generally correct ; with only occasionally a few *Americanisms* in sound, that judicious observers may easily correct.

The play on the whole, uniting the exertions of Mr. Cooper in Jaffier, Mrs. Stanley in Belvidera, and Mr. Morse in Pierre, was better performed, than any one produced during the present season.

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Rule a wife and have a wife (Beaumont and Fletcher) and Turnpike Gate. Wednesday, Feb. 4.

The plays of Beaumont and Fletcher from fifty-four are reduced to two only that are now performed—the Chances, and Rule a wife and have a wife. The plot of the last, is said to have been borrowed from the Spanish of Cervantes. And it is now of value merely for shewing fine acting in Leon, the Copper-captain, and Estifania. The plot is not regular, and the conduct is loose and immoral, though many of the incidents are highly dramatic.

The part of Michael Perez was to have been acted by Garrick, and that of Leon by Mossop ; but some reason induced the English Roscius to take Leon in preference, and he gave Perez to Woodward. Since that time various

actors have assumed this character with success, Mr. King and Mr. Lewis among others;—hence much could not reasonably be expected from the personation of Mr. Fox, nor were our expectations disappointed.

Mr. Cooper in Leon, is remarkable for his representation of the wittol, and his change to the natural elegance of the character;—in these particulars he is unrivalled. The subsequent part is neither eminent in itself, nor can it be made so by any performance. And if any great interest is excited, it must arise from the wit and vivacity of Estifania and the Copper-captain; neither of which, either by Mrs. Stanley or Mr. Fox, could claim any marks of approbation.

In the second act this lady appeared evidently indisposed; and from some *unaccountable cause* the whole scene was conducted most wretchedly. We are unwilling to think Mrs. S. guilty of neglect; if she was unwell, it is some excuse for her; if not, some cause beyond our comprehension must have occasioned her discomfiture. We thought she was in tears.

Mrs. Usher played Margeretta better than we anticipated. But excepting Cooper's Leon, the play went haltingoff, inspiring no mirth, but diffusing dullness.

NOTE. We approve of the manner in which Mr. Caulfield has stepped forth as the champion of the Managers, and covered their disgrace with the shield of his honourable vindication. But what does it prove? While it admits that portion of our position to be true that "he had no objection to perform with Mr. Cooper," it declares that part to be erroneous, of the truth of which, *we had ourselves* expressed a doubt, *that they had never requested him to perform*. It seems they had offered him the option of performing counterparts with Mr. Cooper, but while they did so they must have been sensible Messrs Fox and Usher had filled them before, and if left at the option of Mr. Caulfield they *knew* he *could not* perform. They should have interposed their authority and *cast* Mr. Caulfield in some counterpart to Mr. Cooper, for the satisfaction of the public. If notwithstanding our doubtful expressions "we understand," and "if this be true," it is thought we have been hasty in charging the managers with "*never requesting*," we take back the assertion, and say they "*never required*" him to perform. He acknowledges he was willing; but could not "at his own option" on any motive whatever, without violating, in his opinion, every principle of honour and law of justice. We think, however, that as Mr. Caulfield had filled characters of a higher grade than either Mr. Usher or Mr. Fox, it could by no means be derogating from their importance for Mr. Caulfield to assume their characters on a special occasion; to be relinquished, as the circumstances, which required the assumption, should cease to operate.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

POLITENESS.

THE Swedes pique themselves on their politeness, but far from being the polish of a cultivated mind, it consists merely of tiresome forms and ceremonies; so far indeed from entering immediately into your character and making you feel instantly at your ease, like the well bred French, their overacted civility is a continual restraint on all your actions.

It is impossible to change the manners when nature has unalterably formed the heart. We must be often perplexed with peculiarities we dislike and attentions that disgust us, and it is not necessary to visit Sweden to find the same mistaken forms of politeness of which Mrs. Woolstoncraft complains.

HINT TO A POOR AUTHOR.

Q. Why this verbose, redundant style,
Think you the more, the better?
A. Undoubtedly—for know, my friend,
I sell it by the letter.

THE DINNER LOST.

Some of the Hindoos, it is well known, never kill any animal themselves, and frequently redeem them

from others in order to give them their lives and liberty. This custom, says the Traveller Pietro dela Vella, was one day the occasion of an odd mistake in the market of Ormuz. A Christian, dressed in the habit of an Hindoo went up to a fowler who had got some live birds in a cage and purchased them, with the intention of making a dinner of them. The seller immediately on receiving the money set open the cage door and let the birds fly.—The Christian seeing his dinner upon the wing began to vociferate, and complained that he was cheated—in short when the mistake was discovered the poor fowler was compelled to repay the money and left to get his birds again how he could.

BAD NEWS AFFECTS THE APPETITE.

During the war which the Duke of Milan carried on against the Florentines, he had provided himself with a most excellent cook, whom he had sent to France to be instructed in the culinary art. On receiving one day, very bad news from his army, he found fault with every thing at table, and accused his cook of want of professional skill. "If the Florentines have taken away your appetite, my Lord, it is no fault of mine."

A modern beau speaking of himself.

I AM an adept in all the delightful follies of fashion: I lead the mode, and make those dear whims, which are ridiculous in others, graceful and captivating in me. I am in debt to all the town, in love with all the women, envied by all the men, started at by the world, laughed at by the little, imitated by the great, hated by the awkward, and hooted by the mob. I have ruined fifty tradesmen and five Jews. Nay, I have *been* ruined myself these three years, and I live in as high a style as ever.

.....Sitting or standing, riding or walking, I do every thing with grace. See me take out my handkerchief, put on my gloves, pick up a fan, present a bouquet, dangle in my chariot; the most trifling actions are made interesting by my manner. Nay, I even sleep like a gentleman.

.....Women think me irresistible.—I have a smile for one, a nod for another, a wink for a third, a hem and how do you do for a fourth, and she who gets a squeeze of the hand from me thinks herself in heaven.

COWLEY.

One of the great sources of poetical delight is description, or the power of presenting images to the mind. Cowley gives inferences instead of images, and shows not what may be supposed to have been seen, but what thoughts the sight might have suggested. When Virgil describes the stone which Turnus lifted against Æneas he fixes the attention on its bulk and weight.

Saxum circumspicit ingens
Saxum antiquum ingens campo quod forte jacebat,
Limes ægro positus, litem ut descerneret arvis.

Cowley says of the stone which Cain slew his brother.

I saw him fling the stone as if he meant
At once his murther and his monument.

Of the sword taken from Goliah he says,

A sword so great that it was only fit,
To cut of his great head who came with it.

EPIGRAM.....A HOME QUESTION.

While Dick to combs hostility proclaims,
A neighbouring taper sets his hair in flames.
The blaze extinct, permit us to inquire:
"Were there no lives lost, *Richard*, in this fire?"

We gratify Cromwell, in hopes that future attempts will disclose more poetry and less love.

The title page and index to our first volume ending in December last, accompanies this number of the Emerald.

POETRY.

For the Emerald.

LINES

Addressed to a Lady of Newburyport.

O, maiden dear! the early blush of morn
Glows not so fair as thy unrivall'd cheek,—
It is, indeed, a rose without a thorn;—
Thine eyes—the lovely star of evening meek.

Thy pouting lips—a brilliant ruby each,
Distill the nector of the opening rose,
Diffuse a perfume richer than th' peach,— [close,
And parted—files of eastern pearl dis-

Thy form the fairest poplars for excel;— [part
Thy gestures—grace, and dignity im-
Beneath thy panting bosom's snowy swell,
Resides a tender and a constant heart.

Thy bosom, chaste asprisms of pendant frost
Will bless some favor'd lover's longing arms;
O happy swain, by no rude tumult's tost
Save those—begotten by her winning charms.

And lovely nymph—thro life's perplexing way,
With reason—truth—enliv'ning hope thy guide
Let soft affection in thy bosom sway,—
And honour in thy tender soul preside;

Then many years within their frolic round
Will see thee still in fullest bloom of health;—
In weded love thy happiness be crown'd
And cherub Boys impart a mother's noblest wealth.

CROMWELL.

Lynnfield, Dec. 25, 1806.

EPIGRAM.

Diogenes to Aristippus.

Cloy'd with ragouts, you scorn my simple food;
And think good eating is man's only good:
I ask no more than temperance can give;
You live to eat, I only eat—to live.

FOR THE EMERALD.

The brilliancy of genius may shine in splendid description and fancied greatness; but to connect truth with pleasure it must descend to the fire-side, and the family party, and mingle with the pleasing avocations of domestic life. The affection which the social connections creates affords a theme for admiration which poetry cannot exaggerate, although the alluring charms of its muse may catch the attention and point the wavering mind to the proper object of esteem. For the following elegant attempt to associate the virtues of the heart in company with the muses we are indebted to the taste of a judicious friend, who will receive our thanks for the selection.

A FAMILY PICTURE.

SEEK not in public places for a wife,
Be not, deluded with the charms of sight.
Retreatment only yields the friend for life
Who shares your grief & doubles your delight.

When orient rays within your window peep, [play,
And on her raseate face enlivening
What joy! to view her rous'd from peaceful sleep
Unfold her eyes on you and welcome day.

What joy! to tend the plants her hand has rear'd,
To trace their foliage and their various hues,
Some by affecting incidents endear'd,
Some by distinction of the moral muse.

What joy! to see your children gambol wild
Or hear them prattle with remarks acute!
"To blend amusement with instruction mild,
And teach the young idea how to shoot."

What joy! at evening daily duties done
To saunter with your lov'd to prospect hill,
And catch the glories of the setting sun,
Till wandering Contemplation has her fill.

Now as you homeward bend your musing way. [on the sight,
Whilst fades the glimm'ring landscape
What joy! to hear her quote the pensive GRAY, [night.
Or name some favourite Author for the
What joy! that during day she leisure found
To give industrious poverty relief,
To pour her balm into affliction's wound
To wipe the tear from furrow'd cheeks of grief.

Such are the joys a rural wife bestows
Each hour displaying something to admire [flows,
But most her goodness with affection
Should you, (her first last thought) her aid require.

See her when sickness lays you faint in bed, [glare,
Gently remove the candle's painful
And cautious walk with softly stealing tread
Or medicine or nutrition to prepare—

Her soothing accents charm away your pains, [guiles,
Her gay encouragement your fears be-
And though her mind a widow's thoughts sustains
Her looks beam confience with cheering smiles.

All day, all night, her eyelids never close
But sealed silent anxious by your side
How every breath is watch'd, if chance you doze [plied.
How quick, if restless, every want's sup-

When pitying Heav'n concedes her secret prayer.
And theat'ning death withdraws his brandish'd dart
A tender sense of her assiduous care
More than her virgin charms, shall win your heart.

Now view her with her group of pledges dear,
Whilst on your pillow rais'd, they round you stand, [tear,
Each glistening eye full of a rapt'rous
They press with glowing lips your wither'd hand.

Now gathering up her young, last you should feel
O'er power'd with joy, to nursery they repair [kneel
And there by her example taught to
Uplift their little hands in grateful prayer.

Songs, music, dancing & the flowing bowl, [kiss,
Nay e'er the youthful warm enamor'd
Cannot so deeply interest the soul,
As this sweet scene of fond domestic bliss.

EPIGRAMS.

No Libel.

When quacks, as quacks may, by good luck, to be sure,
Blunder out, at hap-haxard, a desperate cure,
In the prints of the day, with due pomp and parade,
Case, patient, and doctor, are amply display'd:
All this is quite just—and no mortal can blame it;
If they save a man's life, they've a right to proclaim it:
But there's reason to think they might save more lives still,
Did they publish a list of the numbers they kill?

BOTH AGREED.

"You're a fool" mutters Harry—says Thomas "that's true,
So must ev'ry one be that expects sense from you."

THE DEADLY DOCTOR.

With wig profound, old *Galen* cries,
"*My* patients ne'er complain!"
I do believe thee, *Ned* replies,
Thou put'st them—out of pain.

MARRIAGES.—At Salem, on Sunday evening, Mr. Richard Hay, to Miss Anne Howard.

In this town, Mr. Francis Lincoln to Miss Eliza Frothingham, daughter of Mr. Eben. F.

DEATHS.—At Goree, (in Africa) Capt. Wm. Ingraham, late of Boston —At Charlestown, Mrs. Susanna Hunt aged 22.

In this town, Mrs. Temperance Dix aged 26, wife of Mr. Alexander Dix Miss Lucy Lee Watson, second daughter of the late Col. M. Watsson, aged 23; Benjamin Greene, Esq. aged 69 Mr Thomrs Wheeler, aged 68; Mr James Tewksbury, aged 63; Mr. Cornelius Fuller, formerly of Newton, aged 36.

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